



The Jovial old Friars.

A New SONG.

Tune of the Dusky Night.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules
And moral wit refine,
Of precepts taught in Roman Schools,
We Friars here define.

Here's a health to Father Paul,
A health to Father Paul,
For flowing bowls;
Invoke the souls
Of jolly Friars all.

When in our convent we're all met,
We laugh we joke, we sing,
All worldly cares we soon forget,
For Father Paul's our King,
Here's a health, &c.

Here absolution we'll not give,
Ye blue ey'd Nuns so fair,
No benediction treat receive,
But banish all your care.
Here's a health, &c.

With beads and crosses not held divine,
We pay for fervent Zeal,
To rosy Bacchus, God of Wine,
Prolific Deeds reveal.
Here's a health, &c.

May ev'ry Friar please his Nun,
This night when he goes home ;
May she, dear creature have some fun,
The convent is her own,
Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your Bumpers, Sons of Mirth,
Let Friars be the Toast,
Long may we all exist on Earth,
Of this our order boast ;
Here's a health, &c.

